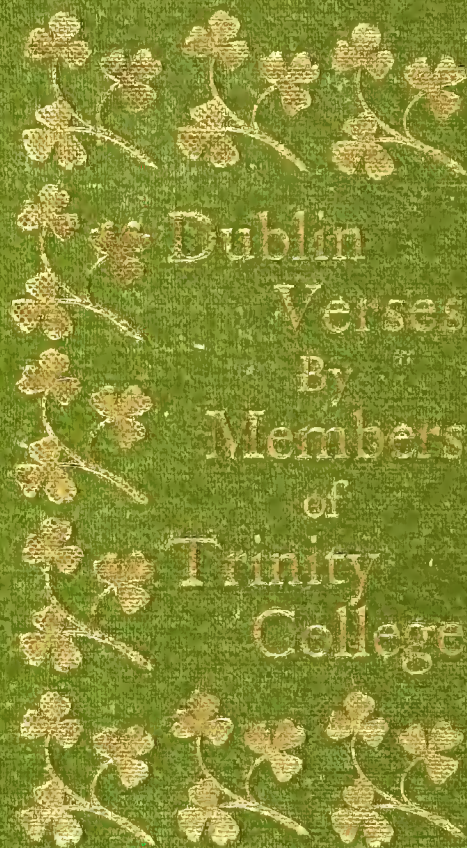




Dublin

Verses

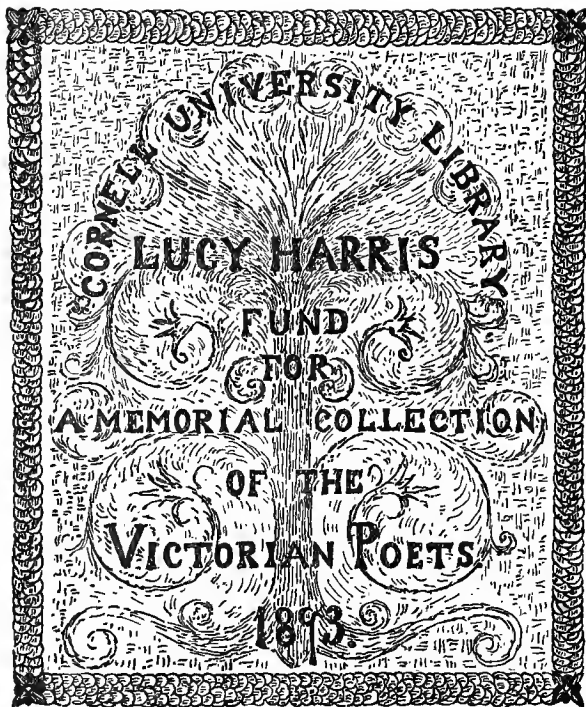
By

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Dublin Verses
by
Members of Trinity College

Dublin Verses
by
Members
of
Trinity College

EDITED BY

Henry Albert
H. A. HINKSON

Sometime Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin

ἐπαιδαῖς δ' ἀνὴρ
νώδυνον καὶ τις κάματον θῆκεν.
Pindar.

LONDON ELKIN MATHEWS
DUBLIN HODGES, FIGGIS & CO., LIMITED
MDCCCXCV



TO THE
UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN
AND TO THE
MEMBERS OF TRINITY COLLEGE
THIS BOOK IS
DEDICATED
IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE
OF
HAPPY UNDERGRADUATE YEARS
AND OF
MANY CHERISHED FRIENDSHIPS

PREFACE

My object in making this collection has been to bring together the best and most characteristic verses written by living members of Trinity College. That I have succeeded in doing this will and must, of course, remain a matter of opinion; but I can claim at least to have made my selection impartially and to the best of what judgment I possess. Parodies and the more or less successful imitations of the great writers, of which undergraduate life is usually so prodigal, I have generally rejected in favour of poems which show an Irish rather than an English influence.

The verses are naturally not of equal merit, but I hope that I have not included any which are quite unworthy their companionship; if I have done so, the responsibility is wholly mine. From "Kottabos," the College quarterly, I have taken sparingly, partly because its contents are chiefly academic exercises, tasteful and scholarly though they are, and partly because a volume of selections from it, under the able editing of Professor Tyrrell, may be expected in the near future.

My warmest thanks are due and hereby given to my contributors, whose unvarying courtesy and helpful kindness have mitigated the somewhat delicate and thorny path of an editor. I desire also to acknowledge my indebtedness to the Editor and to the Publisher of "Kottabos," for permission to republish poems which have already appeared in that magazine, and also to the Editors and the Publishers of several other magazines for a like permission.

H. A. HINKSON.

LONDON, *Xmas*, 1894.

CONTRIBUTORS

DE VERE, AUBREY
DE VERE, SIR STEPHEN, BART.
DIXON, W. MACNEILE
DOWDEN, EDWARD
FALKINER, FREDK. R.
FRENCH, W. PERCY
GRAVES, ALFRED PERCEVAL
GREENE, GEORGE A.
GWYNN, EDWARD
HAMILTON, EDWIN
HILLIER, A. C.
HYDE, DOUGLAS
INGRAM, JOHN KELLS
JESSOP, G. H.
LECKY, W. E. HARTPOLE
LOWRY, J. M.
O'GRADY, STANDISH
PALMER, A. SMYTHE
PLUNKETT, GEORGE NOBLE, COUNT
ROLLESTON, T. W.
SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG, GEORGE
TODHUNTER, JOHN
TYRRELL, ROBERT YELVERTON
WILDE, OSCAR
WILDE, WILLIAM
WILKINS, GEORGE
WILKINS, WILLIAM

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Ode to the Daffodil. <i>Aubrey de Vere</i>	1
The Last Parting. <i>W. E. H. Lecky</i>	5
The Memory of the Dead. <i>John Kells Ingram</i>	7
The Corn-Crake. <i>Edward Dowden</i>	9
Requiescat. <i>Oscar Wilde</i>	12
The Irish Spinning Wheel. <i>Alfred Perceval Graves</i>	13
On the Death of Col. Burnaby in the Soudan. <i>R. Y. Tyrrell</i>	15
Death Lament of John O'Mahony. <i>Douglas Hyde</i>	16
Nicey, Icy, and Splicy. <i>Edwin Hamilton</i>	18
The Snowy-Breasted Pearl. <i>Sir Stephen E. de Vere, Bart.</i>	20
Les Lendemains. <i>William Wilde</i>	22
Aghadoe. <i>John Todhunter</i>	23
The Old Country. <i>G. F. Savage-Armstrong</i>	25
Song. <i>Aubrey de Vere</i>	28
The Spell-Struck. <i>T. W. Rolleston</i>	29
I Give My Heart to Thee. <i>Standish O'Grady</i>	31
The Memorial Garden. <i>Arthur Cecil Hillier</i>	33
Song. <i>William Wilkins</i>	35
Vae Victis. <i>W. Macneile Dixon</i>	36
Spring-Time. <i>G. A. Greene</i>	39
In the Cathedral Close. <i>Edward Dowden</i>	41
An Old Song. <i>George Noble, Count Plunkett</i>	43
The Decline of Love. <i>W. E. H. Lecky</i>	44
Song. <i>Aubrey de Vere</i>	46
Death of Sir George Colley at Majuba Hill. <i>John Kells Ingram</i>	47
The True Knowledge. <i>Oscar Wilde</i>	48
Donegal. <i>G. H. Fessop</i>	49
Father O'Flynn. <i>Alfred Perceval Graves</i>	50

	PAGE
The Wounded Scout. <i>W. P. French</i>	53
Lucretius on Death. <i>R. Y. Tyrrell</i>	54
The Wedding of the Clans. <i>Aubrey de Vere</i>	56
My Grief on the Sea. <i>Douglas Hyde</i>	59
On Guard at a Barricade. <i>George Wilkins</i>	61
A Dead Friend. <i>Sir Stephen E. de Vere, Bart.</i>	64
Ad Canem. <i>G. A. Greene</i>	67
Lough Bray. <i>Standish O'Grady</i>	69
Old Age. <i>W. E. H. Lecky</i>	70
For a Reading Lesson. <i>T. W. Rolleston.</i>	72
Dirge. <i>Aubrey de Vere</i>	73
Outside the Convent. <i>William Wilde</i>	74
Inside the Convent. <i>William Wilde</i>	75
To a Child. <i>William Wilkins</i>	76
Years After. <i>William Wilkins</i>	77
Winter. <i>Arthur Cecil Hillier</i>	78
Exsequiae. <i>W. Macneile Dixon</i>	80
Salve Saturnia Tellus. <i>Oscar Wilde</i>	81
Song. <i>Edward Dowden</i>	82
The Lament of Aideen for Oscar. <i>John Todhunter</i>	83
An Aged Greek. <i>Aubrey de Vere</i>	85
A Messenger. <i>George Noble, Count Plunkett</i>	86
Two Chambers hath the Heart. <i>T. W. Rolleston</i>	88
The Widow. <i>W. E. H. Lecky</i>	89
"The Cycles of Time." <i>W. P. French</i>	90
To be Wroth with One We Love. <i>R. Y. Tyrrell</i>	92
Ringletd Youth of My Love. <i>Douglas Hyde</i>	94
At Evening Service. <i>G. H. Jessop</i>	96
The Nightingale. <i>Aubrey de Vere</i>	99
The Theatrical Theorist. <i>Edwin Hamilton</i>	101
Theocritus. <i>Oscar Wilde</i>	105
The Rejected Lover. <i>Alfred Perceval Graves</i>	106
Ad Animam. <i>W. Macneile Dixon</i>	107
Oasis. <i>Edward Dowden</i>	109
Ad Amicam Meam. <i>William Wilde</i>	110

	PAGE
Song. <i>Aubrey de Vere</i>	111
A Greek Epitaph. <i>T. W. Rolleston</i>	112
To —. <i>W. E. H. Lecky</i>	113
Star of My Sight. <i>Douglas Hyde</i>	114
Vera Singing. <i>T. W. Rolleston</i>	116
The Dole of the King's Daughter. <i>Oscar Wilde</i>	117
Zoe, an Athenian Child. <i>Aubrey de Vere</i>	119
Eileen's Farewell. <i>John Todhunter</i>	121
Coming! <i>George Noble, Count Plunkett</i>	122
Roses. <i>G. A. Greene</i>	124
The Singer. <i>Edward Dowden</i>	125
Avis. <i>George Wilkins</i>	126
Song. <i>Aubrey de Vere</i>	127
Salome. <i>William Wilde</i>	128
Sortes. <i>Edward Gwynn</i>	129
Song. <i>Aubrey de Vere</i>	130
Love's Spite. <i>Aubrey de Vere</i>	131
The Battle of the Asses' Bridge. <i>J. M. Lowry</i>	132
The Return. <i>G. A. Greene</i>	137
Greystones Rocks. <i>Fredk. R. Falkiner</i>	138
The Cuckoo. <i>A. Smythe Palmer</i>	139

Dublin Verses

ODE TO THE DAFFODIL

I.

O LOVE Star of the unbelovéd March,
When, cold and shrill,
Forth flows beneath a low, dim-lighted arch
The wind that beats sharp crag and barren hill,
And keeps unfilmed the lately torpid rill!

II.

A week or e'er
Thou com'st thy soul is round us everywhere;
And many an auspice, many an omen,
Whispers, scarce noted, thou art coming.
Huge, cloud-like trees grow dense with sprays and buds,
And cast a shapelier gloom o'er freshening grass,
And through the fringe of ragged woods
More shrouded sunbeams pass.
Fresh shoots conceal the pollard's spike,
The driving rack out-braving;
The hedge swells large by ditch and dike;
And all the uncoloured world is like
A shadow-limned engraving.

III.

Herald and harbinger ! with thee
 Begins the year's great jubilee !
 Of her solemnities sublime
 A sacristan whose gusty taper
 Flashes through earliest morning vapour,
 Thou rings't dark nocturns and dim prime.
 Birds that have yet no heart for song
 Gain strength with thee to twitter ;
 And, warm at last, where hollies throng,
 The mirrored sunbeams glitter.
 With silk the osier plumes her tendrils thin :
 Sweet blasts, though keen as sweet, the blue lake
 wrinkle ;
 And buds on leafless boughs begin
 Against grey skies to twinkle.

IV.

 To thee belongs
 A pathos drowned in later scents and songs !
 Thou com'st when first the Spring
 On Winter's verge encroaches ;
 When gifts that speed on wounded wing
 Meet little save reproaches !
 Thou com'st when blossoms blighted,
 Retracted sweets, and ditty,
 From suppliants oft deceived and spited
 More anger draw than pity !

Thee the old shepherd, on the bleak hill-side,
 Far distant eyeing leans upon his staff
 Till from his cheek the wind-brushed tear is dried :
 In thee he spells his boyhood's epitaph.
 To thee belongs the youngling of the flock,
 When first it lies, close-huddled from the cold,
 Between the sheltering rock
 And gorse-bush slowly overcrept with gold.

v.

Thou laugh'st, bold outcast bright as brave,
 When the wood bellows, and the cave,
 And leagues inland is heard the wave !
 Hating the dainty and the fine
 As sings the blackbird thou dost shine !
 Thou com'st while yet on mountain lawns high up
 Lurks the last snow ; while by the berried breer
 As yet the black spring in its craggy cup
 No music makes or charms no listening ear :
 Thou com'st while from the oak stock or red beech
 Dead Autumn scoffs young Spring with splenetic speech ;
 While in her vidual chastity the Year
 With frozen memories of the sacred past
 Her doors and heart makes fast,
 And loves no flowers save those that deck the bier :
 Ere yet the blossomed sycamore
 With golden surf is curdled o'er,
 Ere yet the birch against the blue
 Her silken tissues weaves anew :

Thou com'st while, meteor-like 'mid fens, the weed
 Swims, wan in light ; while sleet-showers whitening glare ;
 Weeks ere by river brims, new furred, the reed
 Leans its green javelin level in the air.

VI.

Child of the strong and strenuous East !
 Now scattered wide o'er dusk hill bases,
 Now massed in broad, illuminate spaces ;
 Torch-bearer at a wedding feast
 Whereof thou mayst not be partaker,
 But mime, at most, and merrymaker ;
 Phosphor of an ungrateful Sun
 That rises but to bid thy lamp begone :—
 Farewell ! I saw
 Writ large on woods and lawns to-day that Law
 Which back remands thy race and thee
 To hero-haunted shades of dark Persephonè.
 To-day the Spring has pledged her marriage vow :
 Her voice, late tremulous, strong has grown and steady :
 To-day the Spring is crowned a queen : but thou
 Thy winter hast already !
 Take my song's blessing, and depart,
 Type of true service—unrequited heart.

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE LAST PARTING.

FAREWELL, farewell ! the dream is o'er,
Its passion and its pain ;
And Hope and Fear are now no more,
Though Love and Grief remain.

One feeble pressure of the hand,
One little sigh and shiver,
And all we thought and hoped and planned
Has passed away for ever.

Still on those pale and shrunken lips
A feeble sunlight plays—
The radiance of a sun that dips
Beneath the Western haze.

The Sun that sinks will rise again,
And brighter days may shine ;
But thou hast vanished from our ken :
Have we, too, passed from thine ?

Can any sound of distant strife,
Or voice of pleading love,
Or any care of mortal life,
Still follow thee above ?

Or canst thou even now inspire
Some thought that thrills the brain,
And raise the drooping spirit higher
With Hope that conquers Pain?

We cannot tell. That vacant eye,
Those lips, respond no more ;
No echo answers to our cry,
No light reveals the shore.

And be it gain or be it loss,
No eye can follow thee :
A lonely bark to-night must cross
A dark and silent sea.

W. E. H. LECKY.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight ?
Who blushes at the name ?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame ?
He's all a knave or half a slave
Who slights his country thus ;
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few—
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland, too ;
All, all are gone—but still lives on
The fame of those who died ;
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made ;

But, though their clay be far away
 Beyond the Atlantic foam,
 In true men, like you, men,
 Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth ;
 Among their own they rest ;
 And the same land that gave them birth
 Has caught them to her breast ;
 And we will pray that from their clay
 Full many a race may start
 Of true men, like you, men,
 To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
 To right their native land ;
 They kindled here a living blaze
 That nothing shall withstand.
 Alas ! that Might can vanquish Right—
 They fell, and passed away ;
 But true men, like you, men,
 Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be
 For us a guiding light,
 To cheer our strife for liberty,
 And teach us to unite !
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
 Though sad as theirs, your fate ;
 And true men, be you, men,
 Like those of Ninety-Eight.

JOHN KELLS INGRAM.

THE CORN-CRAKE

(HEARD AT NIGHT)

I

HERE let the bliss of Summer and her night
Be on my heart as wide and pure as heaven,
Now while o'er Earth the tide of young delight
Brims to the full, calm'd by the wizard Seven
And their high mistress, yon enchanted Moon ;
The air is faint yet fresh as primrose-buds ;
And dim with weft of honey-colour'd beams,
A bride-robe for the new espoused June,
Who lies white-limb'd among her flowers, nor dreams,
Such a divine content her being floods.

II

Awake, awake ! The silence hath a voice :
Not thine thou heart of fire palpitating
Until all griefs change countenance and rejoice,
And all joys ache o'er-ripe since thou dost sing,
Not thine this voice of the dry meadow-lands—
Harsh iteration ! note untuneable !

Which sheers the breathing quiet with a blade
 Of ragged edge ; say wilt thou ne'er be still
 Crier in June's high progress, whose commands
 Upon no heedless drowsed heart are laid ?

III

Nay, cease not till thy breast disquieted
 Hath won a term of ease ; the dewy grass
 Trackless at morn betrays not thy swift tread,
 And through smooth-closing air thy call-notes pass
 To faint on yon soft-bosom'd pastoral steep ;
 Thee, bird, the night accepts, and I through thee
 Reach to embalmed hearts of Summers dead,
 Feel round my feet old inland meadows deep,
 And bow o'er flowers that not a leaf have shed,
 Nor once have heard moan of an alien sea.

IV

Even while I muse thy halting place doth shift,
 Now nearer, now more distant ; I have seen
 When April through her shining hair adrift
 Gleams a farewell, and elms are fledged with green,
 The voiceful wandering envoy of the Spring ;
 Thee, never ; though the mower's scythe hath dashed
 Thy nest aside, but thou hast sped askant
 Viewless ; then, last, we lose thee, and thy wing
 Brushes Nilotic maize, and thou dost chant
 Haply all night to stony ears of Pasht.

Ah, now an end to thy inveterate tale !

The silence melts from the mid spheres of heaven ;
Enough ! before this peace has time to fail

From out my soul, or yon white cloud has driven
Up the moon's path, I turn, and I will rest

Once more with Summer in my heart. Farewell !

Shut are the wild-rose cups ; no moth's a-whirr ;

My room will be moon-silver'd from the west

For one more hour ; thy note shall be a burr

To tease out thought and catch the slumbrous spell.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

REQUIESCAT

TREAD lightly, she is near
Under the snow,
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast,
I vex my heart alone,
She is at rest.

Peace, peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet,
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it.

OSCAR WILDE.

THE IRISH SPINNING WHEEL

SONG.

 Show me a sight
 Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.
 O ! no !
 Nothin' you'll show
Aquals her sittin' and takin' a twirl at it.

 Look at her there,
 Night in her hair—
The blue ray of day from her eye laughin' out on us !
 Faix, an' a foot,
 Perfect of cut,
Peepin' to put an end to all doubt in us

 That there's a sight
 Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.
 O ! no !
 Nothin' you'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

See! the lamb's wool
 Turns coarse an' dull
 By them soft, beautiful, weeshy, white hands of her.
 Down goes her heel,
 Roun' runs the wheel,
 Purrin' wid pleasure to take the commands of her.

Then show me a sight
 Bates for delight
 An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.
 O! no!
 Nothin' you'll show
 Aqual her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

Talk of Three Fates,
 Seated on sates,
 Spinnin' an' shearin' away till they've done for me.
 You may want three
 For your massacree;
 But one fate for me, boys, and only the one for me!

And
 Isn't that fate,
 Pictured complate,
 An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it?
 O! no!
 Nothin' you'll show
 Aqual her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

ON THE DEATH OF COL. BURNABY IN THE
SOUDAN

κείτο μέγας μεγαλωστί λελασμένος ἵπποσυνάων.

YES ; slain like Hector, smitten in the throat,
Where lights the speediest death from foeman's hand,
Low lies brave Burnaby. On that burnt strand
Haply some swarthy warrior well did note
With fell intent, even as the fierce Phthiote,
Where best to plant in him the deathful brand,
Madden'd with blood upsteaming from the sand
Of kinsmen whom the giant guardsman smote,

And still was smiting. Sped the savage shaft,
And his sword dropp'd ; and from his towering height,
Reeling, he fell. Beneath the unquiet sun
A huge dead man lay quiet. And the fight
Went on around him : gone his knightly craft
Clean out of mind, and all his riding done.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

DEATH LAMENT OF JOHN O'MAHONY¹

IN a foreign land, in a lonesome city,
With few to pity, or know, or care,
I sleep each night while my heart is burning,
And wake each morning to new despair.

Let no one venture to ask my story
Who believes in glory or trusts to fame;
Yes! I have within me such demons in keeping
As are better sleeping without a name.

From many a day of blood and horror,
And night of terror and work of dread,
I have rescued nought but my honour only,
And this agèd, lonely, and whitening head.

Not a single hope have I seen fulfilled
For the blood we spilled when we cast the die;
And the future I painted in brightness and pride
Has the present belied, and shall still belie.

In this far-off country, this city dreary,
I languished weary, and sad, and sore,
Till the flower of youth in glooms o'ershaded
Grew seared, and faded for evermore.

Oh my land ! from thee driven—our old flag furled—
I renounced the world when I went from thee ;
My heart lingers still on its native strand,
And American land holds nought for me.

Through a long life contriving, hoping, striving,
Driven and driving, leading and led ;
I have rescued nought but my honour only
And this aged, lonely, and whitening head.

DOUGLAS HYDE.

NICEY, ICY, AND SPLICEY

At a tea-fight I met her, the girl of my heart,
And my liking grew warmer and warmer ;
At eleven the company had to depart,
So I longed to inform her, and storm her,
I fibbed when I said I'd be passing her gate,
But my time had got shorter and shorter,
And a legion of rivals beheld me with hate,
For, they hoped to escort her and court her.

On the road, I pour out my esteem in her ear,
And my language grows plainer and plainer,
Till, at length it becomes undeniably clear
That, in trying to gain her, I pain her.
When she said "I'm engaged"—though it wasn't the
truth—
I proceeded to flutter and stutter ;
When I met her next day, on the arm of a youth,
I did nothing but mutter,—and cut her.

For a month I was smileless and started a beard,
But in time I grew better and better ;
When I pined to behold her she never appeared,
When I tried to forget her I met her.

I loved for a year and a week and a day,
 With a love that grew colder and colder,
 Till I found I had shaken my fetters away,
 As I finally told her—and sold her.

She had loved me all through, as I afterwards heard,
 With a love that grew truer and truer ;
 Her engagement a fiction—considerate word—
 To make me pursue her and woo her.
 At first I believed my affection was dead,
 Its remains became drier and drier ;
 But, whatever I might have imagined or said,
 I liked to be by her and eye her.

I denied that I cared the traditional straw,
 But the boast became lamer and lamer ;
 My acquaintances—afterwards—told me they saw
 That I wanted to claim her and name her.
 A year or two more, and a bachelor life
 Appeared to grow loner and loner,
 And—I speak from experience—to value a wife,
 If you're dying to own her, postpone her.

EDWIN HAMILTON.

THE SNOWY-BREASTED PEARL

WORDS TO AN ANCIENT IRISH MELODY.

SHE is not like the rose,
That proud in beauty glows
So haughty, but so wonderfully fair ;
But she's like the violet blue,
Ever modest, ever true,
From her leafy bower perfuming the still night air.

Oh ! she's gentle, loving, mild,
And artless as a child,
Her clust'ring tresses floating o'er her breast of snow ;
Yes, I'll love thee evermore,
My colleen oge asthore,
My true love, my Snowy-breasted Pearl !

If I sigh, a sudden fear
Comes o'er her, and a tear
Stands quivering within her downcast eye ;
If I smile, those orbs of azure
Gleam forth with love and pleasure,
Like a sudden glory bursting from a clouded sky.

If I claim her for my bride,
She trembles at my side,
Lifting her trusting eyes to mine with faith so true.

I love thee, only thee,
 My colleen gal machree,
 My own love, my Snowy-breasted Pearl !

If I tell her she is fair,
 She flings down her golden hair
 O'er her marble brow and palpitating breast ;
 But the lightnings of her blush
 Thro' that veil of glory flush
 Like the emerald sheen within the billow's foaming crest.

Oh, my Snowy-breasted Pearl !
 My wild, my mountain girl,
 This dreary world illumining with light and joy !
 Yes, I'll love thee evermore,
 My colleen oge asthore,
 My true love, my Snowy-breasted Pearl !

But alas, alas, a change
 Most mournful and most strange
 On my loved one, my own beloved one, came :
 Paler still her pale cheek grew,
 And her mild eyes' azure hue
 Seemed lighted with a flame, a fatal wasting flame.

Oh ! we laid her in the grave,
 Where the willows slowly wave
 And the hollow winds are murmuring my blighted
 flower bewailing.

Alone, alone, alone,
 I make my ceaseless moan
 For my lost love, my Snowy-breasted Pearl.

STEPHEN E. DE VERE.

LES LENDEMAINS

(AFTER DUFRESNY)

THOUGH Phyllis was fair, she was strangely capricious,
As she sat with her love 'neath the trees,
“In exchange you must give,” said the maid avaricious
“Thirty sheep for one kiss, if you please!”

But the very next day things were vastly improving,
On our shepherd her gifts fortune rain'd—
For he, murmuring the tale of his passionate loving,
For one sheep thirty kisses obtain'd.

The third day she feared lest they might be denied her,
Those dainties for which her heart burn'd,
So, raising her face to her lover beside her,
For one kiss all his sheep she return'd.

Next day she'd have given up all she possess'd
(When had pride such a terrible fall?),
Her sheep, dog, and crook, for the kiss the rogue press'd
On Lisette's lips for nothing at all!

WILLIAM WILDE.

AGHADOE

I

THERE's a glade in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
There's a green and silent glade in Aghadoe,
Where we met, my Love and I, Love's fair planet in
the sky,
O'er that sweet and silent glade in Aghadoe.

II

There's a glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
There's a deep and secret glen in Aghadoe,
Where I hid him from the eyes of the red-coats and their
spies,
That year the trouble came to Aghadoe.

III

Oh ! my curse on one black heart in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
On Shaun Dhuv, my mother's son, in Aghadoe
When your throat fries in hell's drouth, salt the flame be
in your mouth,
For the treachery you did in Aghadoe !

IV

For they tracked me to that glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 When the price was on his head in Aghadoe ;
 O'er the mountain, through the wood, as I stole to him
 with food,
 Where in hiding lone he lay in Aghadoe.

V

But they never took him living in Aghadoe, Aghadoe ;
 With the bullets in his heart in Aghadoe,
 There he lay, the head—my breast feels the warmth
 where once 'twould rest,
 Gone, to win the traitor's gold, from Aghadoe !

VI

I walked to Mallow town from Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 Brought his head from the gaol's gate to Aghadoe,
 Then I covered him with fern, and I piled on him the
 cairn,
 Like an Irish king he sleeps in Aghadoe.

VII

Oh ! to creep into that cairn at Aghadoe, Aghadoe !
 There to rest upon his breast in Aghadoe,
 Sure your dog for you could die with no truer heart
 than I,
 Your own love, cold on your cairn, in Aghadoe.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

THE OLD COUNTRY

I

Not tasselled palm or bended cypress wooing
The languid wind on temple-crown'd heights,
Not heaven's myriad stars in lustre strewing
Smooth sapphire bays in hushed Ionian nights,
Not the clear peak of dawn-encrimsoned snow,
Or plumage-lighted wood, or gilded pile
Sparkling amid the imperial city's glow,
Endears our Isle.

II

O fondling of the tempest and the ocean,
White with the sea-spray and the seabirds' wings,
'Mid clangour loud of Nature's curbless motion,
The mist that to thy purple summits clings,
The sun-glint and the shadow as they rove
With rainbows fleeting o'er thy blustery plains,
Thou tanglest us thy children in thy love
With golden chains !

III

Thy beauty is the gorgeous cloud of even,
 The orange-glowing air of sunken suns,
 The scarlet rifts of morn, the windy heaven ;
 Thy charm the pensive grace the worldling shuns ;
 Thy witchery the spell that o'er us steals
 In gazing on green Rath's unfurrowed round,
 And hallowed Ruin where the mourner kneels,
 And haunted Mound.

IV

Thine the weird splendour of the restless billow
 For ever breaking over lonely shores,
 The reedy mere that is the wild-swan's pillow,
 The crag to whose torn spire the eagle soars,
 The moorland where the solitary hern
 Spreads his grey wings upon the breezes cold,
 The pink sweet heather's bloom, the waving fern,
 The gorse's gold.

V

And we who draw our being from thy being,
 Blown by the untimely blast about the earth,
 Back in love's visions to thy bosom fleeing,
 Droop with thy sorrows, brighten with thy mirth ;
 O, from afar, with sad and straining eyes,
 Tired arms across the darkness and the foam
 We stretch to thy bluff capes and sombre skies,
 Belovéd home !

VI

Forlorn amid untrodden wildernesses,
 The pioneer, bent o'er his baffled spade,
 Sighs for thy cool blue hills remote, and blesses
 Thy dewy airs that o'er his cradle played ;
 The girl love-driven to toil in alien lands,
 Lone-labouring for home's dear ones, wearily
 Hides her wan face within her trembling hands,
 And sobs for thee ;

VII

'Mid the dread thunder of battling empires rolling
 Thy soldier for thine honour smiles at death ;
 Thy magic spirit, thought and will controlling,
 Of all we mould or dream is life and breath ;
 To thee as to its source and sun belongs
 All glory we would blazon with thy name ;
 Thine is the fervour of our fairest songs,
 Our passion's flame.

VIII

The nurslings of thy moorlands and thy mountains,
 Thy children tempered by thy winter gales,
 Swayed by the tumult of thy headlong fountains
 That clothe with pasture green thy grassy vales,
 True to one love in climes' and years' despite,
 We yearn, in our last hour, upon thy breast,
 When the Great Darkness wraps thee from our sight,
 To sink to rest.

G. F. SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG.

SONG

I

WHEN I was young, I said to Sorrow,
"Come, and I will play with thee:"—
He is near me now all day;
And at night returns to say,
"I will come again to-morrow,
I will come and stay with thee."

II

Through the woods we walk together;
His soft footsteps rustle nigh me;
To shield an unregarded head,
He hath built a winter shed;
And all night in rainy weather,
I hear his gentle breathings by me.

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE SPELL-STRUCK

SHE walks as she were moving
Some mystic dance to tread,
So falls her gliding footstep,
So leans her listening head ;
For once to harps of Elfland
She danced upon the hill,
And through her brain and bosom
The music pulses still.

Her eyes are bright and tearless,
But wide with yearning pain ;
She longs for nothing earthly,
But oh ! to hear again
The sound that held her listening
Upon her moonlit path !
The golden fairy music
That filled the lonely rath.

Her mortal lips, that tasted
The fairy banquet's bliss,
Shall never greet a lover
With maiden smile or kiss.

She's dead to all things living
Since that November Eve ;
And when she dies in Autumn
No living thing will grieve.

T. W. ROLLESTON.

I GIVE MY HEART TO THEE

I GIVE my heart to thee, O mother-land,
I, if none else, recall the sacred womb.
I, if none else, behold the loving eyes
Bent ever on thy myriad progeny
Who care not nor regard thee as they go,
O tender, sorrowing, weeping, hoping land !
I give my heart to thee, O mother-land.

I give my heart to thee, O father-land,
Fast-anchored on thy own eternal soul,
Rising with cloudy mountains to the skies.
O proud, strong land, unstooping, stern of rule,
Me rule as ever ; let me feel thy might ;
Let me go forth with thee now and for aye.
I give my heart to thee, O father-land.

I give my heart to thee, heroic land,
To thee or in thy morning when the Sun
Flashed on thy giant limbs—thy lurid noon—
Or in thy depth of night, fierce-thoughted one,
Wrestling with phantoms of thy own wild soul,
Or, stone-still, silent, waiting for the dawn,
I give my heart to thee, heroic land.

I give my heart to thee, ideal land,
 Far-soaring sister of the starry throng.
 O fleet of wing what journeyings are thine,
 What goal, what God attracts thee? What unseen
 Glory reflected makes thy face a flame?
 Leave me not, where thou goest, let me go.
 I give my heart to thee, ideal land.

STANDISH O'GRADY.

THE MEMORIAL GARDEN

HALF-SATED with the petalled chalice fair,
Yet thieving still,
A roaming bee hums through the hot sweet air
To poise at will.

Behind the speckled laurel and dark box,
On either hand,
Crimson and golden-bright the hollyhocks
Like sentries stand.

And here 'neath sweeping boughs, and shadow flung
And murm'rous sound,
A slender couch of twisted meshes hung
Just o'er the ground.

Within the swaying net-work wouldst thou lie
In ease serene :
Only a leafy dome of boughs on high
With sky between.

Dear, thou hast found amid the happy dead
Shadow and rest ;
And deeply sweet forgetfulness is shed
Upon thy breast.

For us the cares that vex, the footsteps sore,
The daily round,
For thee the stillness of the poppied shore,
And sleep profound.

The fretful changes of the day renew
Their tedious flight ;
Thine are the silences, the starry dew,
The tides of night :

Thine are the mysteries that darkness yields
To souls divine,
And the faint sweetnesses of dreaming fields
And flowers are thine.

ARTHUR CECIL HILLIER.

SONG

WHEN fields were green and skies were clear
And bluebells paved the woods of Spring,
I weighed the world against her tear,
And found her tear the dearer thing.

But while I followed gain and fame,
And in the great world played my part,
I changed ;—but she remained the same :
And now I think it broke her heart.

WILLIAM WILKINS.

VAE VICTIS

THE mists of morning scaled the rocks
Where climbed the mountain-nurtured flocks
 Beneath the northern sun,
The dews were on the heather bloom
That edged the precipice's gloom
 Where streams unnumbered run.

They said, 'The mountain furrow yields
But scanty happy harvest fields
 To greet the harvest moon,
To follow where the swallow flies
Where gentler stars make gentler skies
 Were not unwisely done.'

They said, 'The winter tempests rave
The hungry ocean-travelling wave
 Makes here its ceaseless cry,
We are grown weary of the wind,
The hill-paths and the mists that blind
 The shepherd suddenly.

The snow-drift sweeps the mountain wall
 To spread its white funereal pall,
 A frozen drapery ;
 The torrent through its gloomy rifts
 Is wild with yellow foam and lifts
 A voice of dynasty.'

They said, ' We have enough of these
 Tumultuous combatants of ease !
 The fabled islands lure,
 Where in no season of the year
 The glory of the woods is sere,
 But all glad things endure.'

They built and launched a stately bark,
 And when the morn rose and the dark
 Fled far into the hills,
 They left the land and loosed the sheet,
 And steered beyond the Cape to meet
 The glebe that no man tills.

And sworn in league forlornly free,
 In calm or storm, on every sea,
 Thro' night to seek, and day,
 Some right fair land of corn and wine,
 And ease and carelessness divine,
 Where care is done away.

They followed ocean's fleeting rim
 When sun or stars shone bright or dim,
 In merry mood or grave,

Nor heeded days nor hours that fled
 Fleeter than ever white wings spread
 Bore bark upon a wave.

But fleet or far howe'er they sailed
 The season's crescents grew and paled
 Nor saw in any clime
 Cross harbour-bar or ship or crew
 To port that ever seaman knew
 In this or former time.

The mists of morning scale the rocks
 Where climb the mountain-nurtured flocks
 Beneath the northern sun,
 The dews are on the heather bloom
 Edging the precipice's gloom,
 Where streams unnumbered run.

W. MACNEILE DIXON.

SPRING-TIME

THE winter fleeteth like a dream,
The rain is past and o'er ;
The sea is lit with sunny gleam,
The hills are white no more.
Full-flowered the lilac-hedges stand,
The throstle sings all day,
But there's no spring in all the land
When Eileen is away.

Green are the copses on the hill ;
The cuckoo, hid from sight,
Haunts all the ringing valleys still
With echoes of delight :
His name is like a memory
Repeated day by day,
But memories all are sad to me
When Eileen is away.

The yellow cowslips here and there
Shake in the balmy breeze ;
There is a perfume in the air,
Far-brought from southern seas ;

There is a brooding melody
In forest, hill and bay,
But in my soul no harmony
When Eileen is away.

The birds remember in their song
Their dwellings o'er the foam ;
The cuckoo will not tarry long,
The swift returneth home ;
The very wind, so full and free,
Forgets not ocean's spray,
And, Eileen, I forget not thee
When thou art far away.

G. A. GREENE.

IN THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE

IN the Dean's porch a nest of clay
With five small tenants may be seen,
Five solemn faces, each as wise
As though its owner were a Dean ;

Five downy fledglings in a row,
Packed close, as in the antique pew
The school-girls are whose foreheads clear
At the *Venite* shine on you.

Day after day the swallows sit
With scarce a stir, with scarce a sound,
But dreaming and digesting much
They grow thus wise and soft and round.

They watch the Canons come to dine,
And hear the mullion-bars across,
Over the fragrant fruit and wine,
Deep talk of rood-screen and reredos.

Her hands with field-flowers drench'd, a child
Leaps past in wind-blown dress and hair,
The swallows turn their heads askew—
Five judges deem that she is fair.

Prelusive touches sound within,
 Straightway they recognize the sign,
 And, blandly nodding, they approve
 The minuet of Rubinstein.

They mark the cousins' schoolboy talk
 (Male birds flown wide from minster bell),
 And blink at each broad term of art,
 Binomial or bicycle.

Ah! downy young ones, soft and warm,
 Doth such a stillness mask from sight
 Such swiftness? can such peace conceal
 Passion and ecstasy of flight?

Yet somewhere 'mid your Eastern suns,
 Under a white Greek architrave
 At morn, or when the shaft of fire
 Lies large upon the Indian wave,

A sense of something dear gone-by
 Will stir, strange longings thrill the heart
 For a small world embowered and close,
 Of which ye sometime were a part.

The dew-drench'd flowers, the child's glad eyes,
 Your joy unhuman shall control,
 And in your wings a light and wind
 Shall move from the maestro's soul.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

AN OLD SONG

AN old refrain the livelong day keeps singing in my heart,
That draws my thoughts to dwell with thee alone where'er
thou art—

That wings my soul o'er many a league to a far, dear
countrie . . .

“I love my love because I know my love loves me.”

Ah woe! though thou wert in thy grave—though thou
wert turned to stone—

Still, still my heart would bid me live and love for thee
alone!

Still would it sigh the livelong day with ne'er a hope from
thee . . .

“I love my love although I know she ne'er loves me.”

But Memory sings the glad old song, and Hope gives
the refrain,

And my heart fills with such a joy as seems almost a
pain!

The joy of which men die,—but no! the joy of life to be:

“I love my love . . . and so I know my love loves me!”

GEORGE NOBLE PLUNKETT.

THE DECLINE OF LOVE

Oh, broken-hearted lover,
Who touched us long ago,
The days seem well-nigh over
When tears like yours can flow.

Great poets still rise, bringing
Thoughts subtle, deep, and strong ;
But scarcely one is singing
A simple lover's song.

A graver age uncloses,
Which mocks at Cupid's barb,
And Venus hides her roses
In Academic garb.

Ambition, science, learning,
And countless efforts move,
And many lamps are burning,
But very few to Love.

Thought strengthens more than feeling,
And each takes wider range ;
And most wounds find their healing
In lives of ceaseless change.

And to the young man's vision
New star-like spheres unfold,
Which promise fields Elysian,
Quite other than of old.

And so the world advances,
And none can bid it stay ;
Yet still the heart romances,
Although the head be grey.

And in stray dreams of passion
The old days sometimes rise,
When Love was still the fashion,
Before the world grew wise.

W. E. H. LECKY.

SONG

PHÆBUS paced the wooded mountain ;
Kindled dawn, and met a doe.
“ Child, what ails thee that thou rovest
O'er my bright hills sad and slow ?

“ That upon thy left side only
Thou thy noontide sleep dost take ?
That thy foot the fountain troubles
Even ere thy thirst thou slake ? ”

Answered then the weeping creature :
“ Once beside me raced a fawn.
Seest her, O thou God all-seeing,
O'er thy hills in wood or lawn ?

“ On my left side sleep I only,
For 'tis there my anguish stirs ;
And my foot the fountain troubles,
Lest it yield me shape like hers.”

Then the Sun-God marvelled, musing :
“ When my foolish Daphne died,
Rooted 'mid Peneian laurels,
Scarce one little hour I sighed.”

AUBREY DE VERE.

DEATH OF SIR GEORGE COLLEY AT MAJUBA
HILL ²

YES, mourn the soul, of high and pure intent,
 Humane as valiant, in disastrous fight
 Laid low on far Majuba's bloody height !
Yet not his death alone must we lament,
But more such spirit on evil mission sent,
 To back our broken faith with arméd might,
 And the unanswered plea of wounded right
Strike dumb by warfare's brute arbitrament.

And while these deeds are done in England's name,
 Religion unregardful keeps her cell ;
 The tuneful notes that wail the dead we hear :
 Where are the sacred thunders that should swell
To shame such foul oppression and proclaim
 Eternal justice in the nation's ear ?

JOHN KELLS INGRAM.

THE TRUE KNOWLEDGE

. . . . ἀναγκαίως δ' ἔχει
βίον θερίξειν ὥστε κάρπιμον στάχυν,
καὶ τὸν μὲν εἶναι τὸν δὲ μή.

THOU knowest all—I seek in vain
What lands to till or sow with seed—
The land is black with briar and weed,
Nor cares for falling tears or rain.

Thou knowest all—I sit and wait
With blinded eyes and hands that fail,
Till the last lifting of the veil,
And the first opening of the gate.

Thou knowest all—I cannot see.
I trust I shall not live in vain,
I know that we shall meet again,
In some divine eternity.

OSCAR WILDE.

DONEGAL

THE broad lands stretch to the swelling tide,
Acre on acre, a noble fee ;
Far may you fare ere the hills subside
In the level sand of the western sea.
From the path starts whirring the mountain grouse
Mingling his crow with the snipe's shrill call—
'Tis a grand domain and a noble house
On the wind-swept summits of Donegal.

The broad lands stretch to the ocean side,
Acre on acre, a noble fee ;
But every rood is trussed and tied
In the lawyer's tape of the mortgagee.
When the half-year's interest is paid, I wis
The half-year's rental looks scant and small ;
There is many a property such as this
On the sea-girt mountains of Donegal.

Famine in Ireland ; rent unpaid !
The landlord muses on all he owes ;
He loves each mountain, each stream, each glade,
He almost weeps as he sighs " foreclose ! "
Must his hale old age from the homestead part ?
Must he see the roof-tree of centuries fall ?
And Jack—the dearest wish of his heart—
Can never be Member for Donegal.

The heavy rains have not ceased to pour,
 The West wind carries the fatal rot,
 The kelp-crop fails on the barren shore,
 The tuber melts in the garden plot.
 He has done his best ; he can do no more,
 The last old hunter has left his stall,
 The wolf is howling at many a door,
 And Famine lies heavy on Donegal.

The ghost of the mortgages he owes
 Will not be laid by any rule—
 Well, the girls must wear last winter's clothes,
 And Tom must go to a cheaper school ;
 And Jack had best exchange to the Line,
 He can't keep pace in his corps at all ;
 And the table—well, they must banish wine—
 Alas for the glories of Donegal !

The broad lands stretch to the ocean side,
 Acre on acre, a noble fee,
 And faint in the shadows of eventide,
 The hills mix mistily with the sea.
 "That bird is happy," the old man said
 As he heard a curlew's mournful call
 Westerly flitting above his head—
 "It has no duties in Donegal."

G. H. JESSOP.

FATHER O'FLYNN

OF priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renown'd for larnin' and piety ;
Still, I'd advance ye, widout impropriety,
 Father O'Flynn as the flow'r of them all.
 Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
 Slaintha, and *slaintha*, and *slaintha* agin ;
 Powerfullest preacher, and tenderest teacher,
 And kindest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
Dad and the divils and all at Divinity,
 Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all.
Come, I venture to give ye my word,
Never the likes of his logic was heard,
Down from Mythology into Thayology,
 Troth ! and Conchology, if he'd the call.

Och ! Father O'Flynn you've a wonderful way wid you,
All the ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,
 You've such a way wid you, Father *avic* !

Still for all you've so gentle a soul,
 Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control,
 Checking the crazy ones, coaxing onaisy ones,
 Lifting the lazy ones on wid the stick.

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
 Still, at all seasons of innocent jollity,
 Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
 At comicality, Father, wid you ?
 Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
 Till this remark set him off wid the rest :
 " Is it lave gaiety all to the laity ?
 Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too ! "

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

THE WOUNDED SCOUT

A TALE OF THE NEXT WAR

THE cycling scout to the war has gone,
Behind a hedge you'll find him,
A magazine gun he has girded on
And a tool-bag slung behind him.
"Spotted mouse," cried the warrior bold,
"I hear some martial drumming ;
I'd like to stay, but I must away,
For it might be a foeman coming."

The cyclist fell ! but the foeman's ball
Did not bring his proud soul under ;
In fact, he never was hit at all,
Though he swore he was like thunder,
But a hen—ill-starred—in the front mud guard
Effected the transaction ;
And the scar on his brow, he alludes to now
As "a scratch I got in action."

W. P. FRENCH.

LUCRETIUS ON DEATH

' No more shall look upon thy face
Sweet spouse, no more with emulous race
Sweet children court their sire's embrace.

' To their soft touch right soon no more
Thy pulse shall thrill ; e'en now is o'er
Thy stewardship, Death is at the door.

' One dark day wresteth every prize
From hapless man in hapless wise,
Yea, e'en the pleasure of his eyes.'

Thus men bewail their piteous lot ;
Yet should they add, ' 'Tis all forgot,
These things the dead man recketh not.'

Yea, could they knit for them this chain
Of words and reasons, men might gain
Some dull narcotic for their pain,

Saying, ' The dead are dead indeed :
The dead, from all heart-sickness freed,
Sleep and shall sleep and take no heed.'

Lo, if dumb Nature found a voice,
 Would she bemoan, and not make choice
 To bid poor mortals to rejoice,

Saying, 'Why weep thy wane, O man?
 Wert joyous e'en when life began,
 When thy youth's sprightly freshets ran?

'Nay, all the joys thy life e'er knew
 As poured into a sieve fell thro',
 And left thee but to rail and rule.'

Go, fool, as doth a well-filled guest
 Sated of life: with tranquil breast
 Take thine inheritance of rest.

Why seekest joys that soon must pale
 Their feeble fires, and swell the tale
 Of things of nought and no avail?

Die, sleep! For all things are the same;
 Tho' spring now stir thy crescent frame,
 'Twill wither: all things are the same.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

THE WEDDING OF THE CLANS :

A GIRL'S BABBLE

I go to knit two clans together ;
Our clan and this clan unseen of yore :—
Our clan fears nought ! but I go, O whither ?
This day I go from my mother's door.

Thou redbreast sing'st the old song over,
Though many a time thou hast sung it before ;
They never sent thee to some strange new lover :—
I sing a new song by my mother's door.

I stepp'd from my little room down by the ladder,
The ladder that never so shook before ;
I was sad last night ; to-day I am sadder,
Because I go from my mother's door.

The last snow melts upon bush and bramble ;
The gold bars shine on the forest's floor ;
Shake not, thou leaf ! it is I must tremble
Because I go from my mother's door.

From a Spanish sailor a dagger I bought me ;
I trail'd a rose-tree our grey bawn o'er ;
The creed and my letters our old bard taught me ;
My days were sweet by my mother's door.

My little white goat that with raised feet hughest
The oak stock, thy horns in the ivies frore,
Could I wrestle like thee—how the wreaths thou tug-
gest !—

I never would move from my mother's door.

O weep no longer, my nurse and mother !
My foster-sister, weep not so sore !
You cannot come with me, Ir, my brother—
Alone I go from my mother's door.

Farewell, my wolf-hound, that slew Mac-Owing
As he caught me and far through the thickets bore :
My heifer, Alb, in the green vale lowing,
My cygnet's nest upon Lorna's shore !

He has kill'd ten chiefs, this chief that plights me ;
His hand is like that of the giant Balor :
But I fear his kiss ; and his beard affrights me,
And the great stone dragon above his door.

Had I daughters nine with me they should tarry ;
They should sing old songs ; they should dance at my
door ;
They should grind at the quern ;—no need to marry ;
Oh when will this marriage-day be o'er ?

Had I buried, like Moirin, three mates already
I might say, "Three husbands! then why not four?"
But my hand is cold and my foot unsteady
Because I never was married before!

AUBREY DE VERE.

MY GRIEF ON THE SEA

(FROM THE IRISH)

My grief on the séa,
How the waves of it roll !
For they heave between me
And the love of my soul.

Abandoned, forsaken,
To grief and to care,
Will the sea ever waken
Relief from despair ?

My grief, and my trouble !
Would he and I were
In the province of Leinster,
Or county of Clare.

Were I and my darling—
Oh, heart-bitter wound !—
On board of a ship
For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes
All last night I lay,
And I flung it abroad
With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me—
He came from the South ;
His breast to my bosom,
His mouth to my mouth.

DOUGLAS HYDE.

ON GUARD AT A BARRICADE

PARIS, 1832

(FROM THE FRENCH)

Do you remember that time delicious
When we were both so young, my dove,
And when we two had only two wishes—
To wear clean collars, and be in love.

We, in our teens, keeping house together ;
Accounts were not large in our housekeeping,
But even in gloomiest winter weather
Our humble home was sunny with spring.

All the park look'd at you when you went
With your briefless barrister down to dine,
I saw how the roses turn'd, and bent
To look at a lovelier rose of mine.

I heard them sigh, "What a perfect thing !
What perfume ! Ah ! what hair in a flood !
Under her mantle she hides a wing !
Her bonnet—ah ! 'tis a half-blown bud."

I wander'd, pressing your tender arm ;
 Were we not happy, my darling, say ?
 And all the passers divined our charm,
 Saying that April had married May.

O Place Maubert ! O Place Dauphine !
 Our garret-Eden, that storms kept rocking !
 O fairest foot that e'er was seen
 To vanish—a fay—in a snowy stocking !

Your slave and your sovereign I, my fawn.
 O garret of gold, and the early stirrer
 Who stood like an angel, white in the dawn,
 Her young fresh face in our broken mirror.

O days that were full of the firmament,
 And the heavenly hush, and auroral pause,
 And the pretty prattle that lovers invent,
 And ribbons, and flowers, and silk, and gauze.

Our flowers—one window-box held them all ;
 Our blind—your skirt, that we both hung up ;
 And I drank out of the earthen bowl,
 And you from our only porcelain cup.

And those great misfortunes of yours and mine,
 The muff you singed, the muffler I lost,
 And the portrait of Shakespere, dear, divine,
 That we sold for our supper that time of frost.

I was a beggar ; your alms were—love
And a soft hand kiss'd for its bounty great.
And we shared our chestnuts gaily enough,
With a folio-Dante for table and plate.

Don't you remember our happiness ?
And our neat white frills and despairing sighs
That rose from our lock'd hearts' deep recess
To the azure depth of the infinite skies ?

GEORGE WILKINS.

A DEAD FRIEND

I

THE light of my eyes is gone—
The crown of my life departed—
My work is done, and I sit alone
In my chamber, broken-hearted.

II

Twenty long years, and more,
Since he lay before me dying !
Twenty long years of silent tears,
Of darkness and of sighing !

III

Sadly he looked in my face—
Looked in my face, and spoke not :
Then with steadfast eye and long-drawn sigh,
He fell asleep and woke not.

IV

We tolled no funeral bell ;
In our loving arms we bore him :
With sob and prayer and one parting tear
We laid the cold stone o'er him.

v

For ever in mine ear
 That well-known voice is ringing :—
 But he lies asleep in his coffin deep
 Where the merry birds are singing.

vi

With a smile upon my lip,
 And a heart unchilled by sorrow,
 I have shared the strife of the battle of life,
 And prayed for the coming morrow.

vii

The long, long day is done ;
 The shadows close behind me ;
 But the race is run, and a rising sun
 Shall melt the bonds that bind me.

viii

Away unmanly tears !
 Pray for the dead, and grieve not ;
 For the Christian's faith is strong in death
 And the words of truth deceive not.

ix

Our life is a broken sleep
 Fading and transitory ;
 But our Hope and Stay is the coming day
 Of God's eternal glory.

x

In His good time the Dead,
Freed from their earthly prison,
Shall burst the shroud and shout aloud
The anthem of the Risen.

STEPHEN E. DE VERE.

AD CANEM

Your mistress returns, little dog ;
 She is coming back home :
Are you glad, little dog, to hear
That already her footstep is near ?
 She is coming back home.

Did you miss her so much, little dog ?
Did you long for her voice in the air,
And her rustling dress on the stair ?
 She is coming back home.

Did you find the house dull, little dog ?
Had the sun vanished out of your day
When the mistress you loved was away ?
 She is coming back home.

She is sure of your love, little dog,
She knows that you hold her so dear,
That you pine for her till she is here—
 She is coming back home.

You can utter no words, little dog,
But your eyes all the day will tell
Of the love that she knows so well.
 She is coming back home.

Leap up and be glad, little dog !
 She is coming back home.
You will lie by the firelight glare,
Content, but to know she is there.
 She is coming back home

G. A. GREENE.

LOUGH BRAY

Now Memory, false, spendthrift Memory,
Disloyal treasure-keeper of the Soul,
This vision change shall never wring from thee
Nor wasteful years effacing as they roll,
O steel-blue lake, high-cradled in the hills !
O sad waves filled with little sobs and cries !
White glistening shingle, hiss of mountain rills,
And granite-hearted walls blotting the skies,
Shine, sob, gleam, gloom for ever. Oh, in me,
Be what you are in nature—a recess—
To sadness dedicate and mystery,
Withdrawn, afar, in the Soul's wilderness.
Still let my thoughts, leaving the worldly roar
Like pilgrims, wander on thy haunted shore.

STANDISH O'GRADY.

OLD AGE

Now the solemn shadows lengthen,
Life's long day is well-nigh done,
Impulse fails and habits strengthen,
Pleasures vanish one by one.
Feebly o'er the dark'ning dial,
Parting rays their image fling ;
Times of triumph, times of trial,
Lose their rapture, lose their sting.

How much now appears unreal
In the past that stirred us so :
Pinings for the high ideal,
Passion dreams, ambition's glow ;
All life's aims grow dimmer, fainter,
With a languid, calm decay,
Fading as the mighty Painter
Shades the scene with twilight grey.

Fancy dies. Illusions follow.
Love lasts best, but not its bloom ;
And the gayest laugh sounds hollow
Echoed from an op'ning tomb.

Soon the past holds all our treasure,
All that childless age loves best.
Young men still may live for pleasure :
Old men only ask for rest.

W. E. H. LECKY.

FOR A READING LESSON

“PAPA, did you make that song?”
Said my Una: “much too long
Are those words for me to spell.
Make a little song as well,
Full of little words for me,
‘To’ and ‘by’ and ‘of’ and ‘the’—
‘Mama’ must be in it too—
Then I’ll read it all for you.”

“Una, if that song were made
As you bid me,” Papa said,
“Full of love and little words,
Who would listen to the birds?
Could I make it right for you,
All the world would read it too.”

T. W. ROLLESTON.

DIRGE

A.D. 1652

WHOSE were they those voices? What footsteps came
near me?

Can the dead to the living draw nigh and be heard?
I wept in my sleep; but ere morning to cheer me
Came a breeze from the woodland, a song from the bird.
O sons of my heart! the long-hair'd, the strong-handed!
Your phantoms rush by me with war-cry and wail:—
Ye, too, for your Faith and your country late banded,
My sons by adoption, mail'd knights of the Pale!

Is there sorrow, O ye that pass by, like my sorrow?
Of the kings I brought forth there remaineth not one!
Each day is dishonour'd; disastrous each morrow:—
In the yew-wood I couch till the daylight is done.
At midnight I lean from the cliff o'er the waters,
And hear, as the thunder comes up from the sea,
Your moanings, my sons, and your wailings, my daughters:
With the sea-dirge they mix not: they clamour to me!

AUBREY DE VERE.

OUTSIDE THE CONVENT

FAUSTINE

BECAUSE bright jewels my fair bosom deck,
And Love's hot lips—close press'd—cling fast to mine,
Because rose-garlands crown the cups of wine,
And all Love's ministers are at my beck,
Think you I mourn—repent—or aught I reck
How tongues wag ? Think you that I weep and pine,
Shedding sad tears as bitter salt sea-brine,
Because his arms lie warm around my neck ?

Look you ! we live but once—this life I know ;
No other wot I of beyond the tomb—
I laugh to scorn your devils down below—
Your torture fires—your everlasting gloom !
I seek no heaven, I dread no God above,
I fear no hell, save living without love !

WILLIAM WILDE.

INSIDE THE CONVENT

SISTER MARY

BECAUSE my treasure knows nor moth nor rust,
Because I live in holy peaceful rest
In sacred maidenhead on God's own breast,
And in His loving mercy put my trust,
Therefore I fear no taint of fear or lust ;
Espoused to Him in mystic union blest,
I work unceasingly in His behest,
Whose ways are pure, and sanctified and just.

He loves me, and no love of man I crave,
At best 'tis link'd with some desire of sin,
Whilst here I serve Him—when I pass the grave,
My bridegroom waiteth me to lead me in
To His own place,—Lord Christ, who lovest me,
Deign to receive my life's virginity.

WILLIAM WILDE.

TO A CHILD

You do me wrong to take me out of the grave.

Let the dead rest. I once was young 'tis true :
Loved mirth and song, loved sport of mead and wave,
Had joy, had hope like you.

But these things pass, and fail us in our need :

Piecemeal one dies while yet his breath endures ;
His soul killed first, and often by the deed
Of hands as soft as yours.

WILLIAM WILKINS.

YEARS AFTER

With tears of blood abundantly
 Wrung from my heart, be warmed again—
Loved feet, that Death enwraps from me
 With kisses as of Magdalen.

WILLIAM WILKINS.

WINTER

DULL winter, mantled and hooded, grey witch of the
Northern lands,

The eye grows dizzy with seeing the snow-flock whirl
from on high,

The trees are as skeletons lifting their fleshless and
crooked hands,

Pointing with withered fingers to the desolate waste
of the sky.

You may walk through the sodden woodlands or trudge
o'er the stiffened mould,

But the rain and the sleet will be driven the way that
the wind is blown,

And the ox is at rest in his manger and the huddled
sheep in the fold,

For the winter is bitter and gloomy as the shrivelled
heart of a crone ;

But, at last, one day or another, the spells of the witch
grow weak,

She may gather her faggots and mumble till the winds
of the March-tide ring,

Yet we steal from her clutches and wander to the sleeping
princess we seek,
To the dryad of woodland and meadow, to the haunts
of memory, Spring.

ARTHUR CECIL HILLIER.

EXSEQUIÆ

WHEN the house is haunted by death,
The spectre unseen and unheard,
And the living are scant of their breath,
Though the sleeper hears never a word :

When the grave-sward is trampled to clay,
And the drip of the world-blotting rain
From skies of a passionless gray
Beats true to the pulses of pain ;

O Father and Maker and God !
How falters the heart of thy child,
How breathless and cold is the sod,
How lonely the infinite wild !

W. MACNEILE DIXON.

SALVE SATURNIA TELLUS

I REACHED the Alps : the soul within me burned,
 Italia, my Italia, at thy name :
 And when from out the mountain's heart I came
And saw the land for which my life had yearned,
I laughed as one who some great prize had earned :
 And musing on the story of thy fame
 I watched the day, till marked with wounds of flame
The turquoise sky to burnished gold was turned.
The pine-trees waved as waves a woman's hair,
 And in the orchards every twining spray
 Was breaking into flakes of blossoming foam :
 But when I knew that far away at Rome
 In evil bonds a Second Peter lay,
I wept to see the land so very fair.

OSCAR WILDE.

SONG

GIRLS, when I am gone away,
On this bosom strew
Only flowers meek and pale,
And the yew.

Lay these hands down by my side,
Let my face be bare ;
Bind a kerchief round the face,
Smooth my hair.

Let my bier be borne at dawn,
Summer grows so sweet,
Deep into the forest green
Where boughs meet.

Then pass away, and let me lie
One long, warm, sweet day
There alone with face upturned,
One sweet day.

While the morning light grows broad,
While noon sleepeth sound,
While the evening falls and faints,
While the world goes round.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

THE LAMENT OF AIDEEN FOR OSCAR

I

THE sere woods are quailing
In the wind of their sorrow,
Their keene they might borrow
From the voice of my wailing.
My bed's the cold stone
By the dark-flowing river :
Ochone-a-rie ! Ochone !
Thou art gone, and for ever !

II

Ah ! why didst thou love me
But to leave me despairing,
My anguish out-staring
The bleak heavens above me ?
I lie all alone
Where hope's morning comes never :
Ochone-a-rie ! Ochone !
I have lost thee for ever !

III

The dumb grave mocks my raving.
From the dead comes no token,
Where thy good sword lies broken
Thou art cold to my craving.
We may lie down and moan,
But our champion wakes never :
Ochone-a-rie ! Ochone !
We are fallen for ever !

JOHN TODHUNTER.

AN AGED GREEK

I LAUGH whene'er I hear them say
 ' At last his hair is white '—
Fools ! 'Tis the star of Love all day,
 That crowns me with its light !

She, she whose evening revelry
 Cheers visibly the skies,
Looks down from heaven and kisses me
 With her far-touching eyes.

My heart, where'er in youth I strayed,
 Her silver shafts could thrill :
And now this old, unbending head
 She loves and honours still.

With these old locks each breath of air
 Is proudly pleased to play :—
Then how, O wanton mockers, dare
 Ye tell me I am grey ?

AUBREY DE VERE.

A MESSENGER

O, CARRIER-BIRD, if thou could'st know
The hours of sorrow, summed in brief,
That thou hast sometime borne, the blow
Would break thy little heart with grief.

Or if, within thy gilded bars
Like me, could'st only watch and wait,
The very heaven should rain its stars,
And all the earth be desolate.

Hads't thou a soul, the un-aging Boy
Should give a message, in my name,
The summer lightning of whose joy
Should scorch thee with its living flame.

'Tis well that neither human cares
Nor pleasures can that heart contain ;
Else on thy journey, unawares,
By either thou wert surely slain.

I sighed for signs amid the wrack—
Thou bring'st the fresh green spray of Peace !
Straight would I flash an answer back :
I kiss and bless thee, and release.

Adieu ! spread wide thy wings and flee—
Outstrip the wandering summer wind !—
Would I could send my soul with thee
To join the heart I left behind !

GEORGE NOBLE PLUNKETT.

TWO CHAMBERS HATH THE HEART

(FROM THE GERMAN)

*μάλα γέ τοι τὸ μεγάλας ὑγείας
ἀκόρεστον τέρμα, νόσος γὰρ αἰεὶ
γείτων ὁμότοιχος ἐρείδει.*
ÆSCH. AG.

Two chambers hath the heart :
There dwelling,
Live Joy and Pain apart.

Is Joy in one awake ?
Then only
Doth Pain his slumber take.

Joy, in thine hour, refrain—
Speak softly,
Lest thou awaken Pain.

T. W. ROLLESTON.

THE WIDOW

ALL has not past. The sweet bright smile lives on,
Like some calm star that mocks the tempest's rage;
The eye still shines almost as when it shone
The light of features yet untouched by age.

I watched thee in the soft'ning twilight gloom
Which masks the lines where Care and Time have
preyed,
And fancy soon recalled the vanished bloom
And in the widow still discerned the maid.

W. E. H. LECKY.

“THE CYCLES OF TIME ”

SHE rode a stranger's donkey
The day when first we met,
On the razor back of an ancient Jack
Her childish form was set ;
And standing by her side was one
Who strove, but all in vain,
To rouse that donkey from his sleep,
And start him off again.
I saw her but a moment,
But methinks I see her still,
As she urged that most lethargic beast
To mount Killiney Hill.

When next we met, a tricycle
Her slender figure bore ;
It seemed to me her sunny face
Was redder than before ;
And as she plugged along the path,
With wild defiant air,
I noticed how the breeze had tossed
Her long luxuriant hair.
She made me “ skip the gutter :”
Yet methinks I see her now
On that heavy old two-tracker,
With the dew upon her brow.

No heavy two-track tricycle
 Was there when next we met ;
 On wobbly wheel she glided by
 Upon a bicyclette ;
 Her face had all the whiteness—
 Her voice the anxious tone—
 Of one who knows not what may hap
 If she should meet a stone.
 She passed me by like winking,
 And methinks I see her yet,
 A racing down that greasy road
 Upon a bicyclette.

And once again I saw that form :
 No bicyclette was there ;
 An alien hand propelled her in
 The family bath chair.
 I saw she'd had an accident,
 And so I quickly said—
 " I've taken my diploma out,
 So let me lend my aid."
 I saw her broken ankle,
 And I helped the bone to set ;
 And now I'm her companion
 When she rides her bicyclette.

W. P. FRENCH.

“TO BE WROTH WITH ONE WE LOVE”

Miser Catulle desinas ineptire

CARM VIII. *Ad se ipsum*

AH, poor Catullus, learn to put away
Thy childish things.
The lost is lost, be sure : the task essay
That manhood brings.

Fair shone the skies on thee when thou to fare
Wast ever fain
Where the girl beckon'd, loved as girl shall ne'er
Be loved again.

Yes, fain thou wast for merry mirth and she—
She ne'er said nay.

Ah, gaily then the morning smiled on thee
Each happy day.

Now she saith nay : but thou be strong to bear,
Harden thy heart :
Nor nurse thy grief, nor cling to her so fair,
So fixt to part.

Farewell ! I've learn'd my lesson : I'll endure,
Nor try to find
Words that might wake thy ruth, or even cure
Thy poison'd mind.

Yet will the time come when thy heart shall bleed,
 Accursèd one,
When thou shalt come to eld with none to heed,
 Unwoo'd, unwon.

Who then will seek thee? Who will call thee fair?
 Call thee his own?
Whose kisses and whose dalliance wilt thou share?
 Be stone, my heart, be stone!

R. Y. TYRRELL.

RINGLETED YOUTH OF MY LOVE

(FROM THE IRISH)

RINGLETED youth of my love,
With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,
You passed by the road above,
But you never came in to find me ;
Where were the harm for you
If you came for a little to see me ?
Your kiss is a wakening dew
Were I ever so ill or so dreamy.

If I had golden store
I would make a nice little boreen
To lead straight up to his door,
The door of the house of my storeen ;
Hoping to God not to miss
The sound of his footfall in it ;
I have waited so long for a kiss,
That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love ! you were so—
As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,
And I thought after that you were snow,
The cold snow on top of the mountain ;

And I thought after that, you were more
Like God's lamp shining to find me,
Or the bright star of knowledge before,
And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes,
And satin and silk, my storeen,
And to follow me, never to lose,
Though the ocean were round us roaring ;
Like a bush in a gap in a wall
I am now left lonely without thee,
And this house I grow dead of, is all
That I see around or about me.

DOUGLAS HYDE.

AT EVENING SERVICE

A common object, you will say :
We meet them almost every day ;
A tramp, an outcast ; just the prey
Policemen go for :
In rags of almost nakedness,
With whiskey signals of distress
Hung out on nose and cheeks—oh yes !
A loafer.

A curious place to loaf around
He's chosen ; this is holy ground,
And he is standing in the sound
Of church bells ringing. `
The fashionable crowd streams in
To dump its six days' load of sin—
Hark ! He can hear the choir begin
The singing.

He creeps within. Upon his knees
He hears the sacred music cease,
He hears the deathless words of peace—
“ Come, all ye weary,”

And, spite of sin and wasted years,
 His heart grows softer as he hears ;
 Life seems, thro' late-repentant tears,
 Less dreary.

Back from a childhood lost and dim
 A strangled memory tries to swim—
 His mother's prayers come back to him—
 His heart is softened.
 Low bends he his remorseful head,
 Breathes what the publican once said,
 Sheds the first tears his eyes have shed
 Since orphaned.

“Clear out ! This is no place for you ! ”
 The verger's whisper thrills him through ;
 Gilded religion owns each pew
 So dearly rented.
 Rejected here, poor child of wrath
 He gleans his lost life's aftermath,
 And half repenteth that he hath
 Repented.

No matter ; just across the street
 He knows the welcome he will meet.
 Perhaps a pal will stand a treat,
 Or he may purchase.
 He laughs to feel his eyes still dim—
 What does he know of cherubim ?
 Ginshops were made for men like him—
 Not churches.

And so the outcast goes his way.
The verger turns again to pray ;
The perfumed parson draws his pay
 The Book to garble.
He leads his flock to Abraham's breast,
In silks and furs and satins dressed—
The tramp tramps to the tramp's last rest—
 Morgue marble.

G. H. JESSOP.

THE NIGHTINGALE

I

Tired with my long day's travel
At night I laid my head
Upon the grass and gravel
Of old Cephysus' bed.
Yet Sleep her steps susurrent
Bent towards me but to fly,
Scared back o'er that slow current
By a Nightingale hard by.

II

'Alas, thou little mourner !
Remit that song of woe ;
Sad Philomela's scorner
Was slain long years ago :
'Tis now a time-worn fable :
One half was never true ;
Then why for ever babble
Of woes ne'er felt by you ? '

III

The little bird persisted :
Like hers my grief was vain.
As oft as e'er she listed
She poured the same sad strain.

Though none might share her weeping,
 Though none was nigh to praise,
All night she ceased not, steeping
 In melody the sprays.

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE THEATRICAL THEORIST

ONE Rantanrore Von Rumbletunder Gaggelbury Page
Was an angel in the balcony, a demon on the stage ;
He would immolate a columbine, or trample on a clown ;
But when programme boys made fun of him he'd give
them half-a-crown.

He was fond of playing mercilessly-tyrannizing kings,
For, he left his Christian charity behind him at the wings ;
As an actor, he was violent, cantankerous, and vain—
As a manager, considerate and tenderly humane.

Macbeth, on one occasion, was the character he filled,
And, when the combat-scene came on, and he was to be
killed,
They applauded his antagonist, which put him in a huff,
So he outraged all the unities by slaughtering Macduff.

Before the doors were opened, and before the gas was lit,
There were claimants for admission to the gallery and
pit.

At six o'clock he noticed some enthusiasts arrive,
And occasionally some were there a little after five.

He trembled with anxiety lest some of them should get
Lumbago or sciatica from standing in the wet ;
So, he bought a canvas canopy to shelter either door,
Sufficiently capacious to accommodate a score.

Then those who used to come at six began to come at
five ;
To anticipate them some were even quicker to arrive ;
The five-o'clocks then came at four, the fours at three
were met,
And there still was a residuum of people in the wet.

"An early door," thought Rantanrore, "is now the only
thing ;"
So he opened one at 9 a.m., and ladies used to bring
Their knitting and their crochet, and their oranges and
buns,
With toys to suit respectively their daughters and their
sons.

For one-and-sixpence extra you could use the early door
At nine ; a shilling after twelve ; and sixpence after four.
The place became so popular, so crowded would it get,
That there still was a residuum of people in the wet.

Thought Gaggelbury : "Surely it devolves upon a man
In my position, to promote, by every means he can,
The convenience of the visitors, with whom he has to
do"—

So he lent them a piano, then a violin or two,

A triangle, an harmonicon, a couple of bassoons,
 And an automatic organ playing operatic tunes ;
 Jews' harps were made available for those of minor skill,
 To amuse the audience, pending the performance in the
 bill.

But music, though possessing charms to soothe the
 savage breast,
 Is not a thing that everyone appreciates with zest,
 So, a circulating library was added very soon,
 For whist a snug apartment, and for dancing a saloon.

There were skittles in the gallery, and croquet in the pit,
 Lawn-tennis courts and racquet courts, elaborately lit ;
 From indoor exercise, however, many held aloof,
 So, he organised a cricket ground and race-course on the
 roof.

There were breakfasts, luncheons, dejeuners, and suppers
 cold and hot,
 A Commissioner for taking affidavits on the spot ;
 A Turkish bath, a swimming bath, a barrister-at-law,
 A dentist, a physician, an attorney, and a spa.

He intended, for such people as were lazy or unwell,
 To negotiate the purchase of a neighbouring hotel ;
 And he might have seen his philanthropic enterprise
 maintained,
 But a sinister fatality had otherwise ordained :—

One night the house was crowded, and the curtain rose
at eight.

They expected something stirring, and they hadn't long
to wait.

Not a dozen lines were spoken, when a "Super" on the
stage

Touched Rantanrore Von Rumbletunder Gagglebury
Page.

Then the petulant celebrity, with lightning in his eye,
Seized the paralysed subordinate, and, lifting him on
high,

Consigned him to the orchestra, head-foremost in the
drum,

And they bore him to the green-room with a dislocated
thumb.

The physician proved the injury, the lawyer wrote it
down,

And Rantanrore was driven to a dungeon in the town.

Then, as the cab drove past his doors, he noticed with
regret

That there still was a residuum of people in the wet.

MORAL

However laudably you aim, however far you reach,
There are people—a residuum—impossible to teach.
So, the public is an animal you need not try to gauge,
Like Rantanrore Von Rumbletunder Gagglebury Page.

EDWIN HAMILTON.

THEOCRITUS

A VILLANELLE

O SINGER of Persephone !

In the dim meadows desolate
Dost thou remember Sicily ?

Still through the ivy flits the bee

Where Amaryllis lies in state ;
O Singer of Persephone !

Simætha calls on Hecate

And hears the wild dogs at the gate ;
Dost thou remember Sicily ?

Still by the light and laughing sea

Poor Polypheme bemoans his fate :
O Singer of Persephone !

And still in boyish rivalry

Young Daphnis challenges his mate :
Dost thou remember Sicily ?

Slim Lacon keeps a goat for thee,

For thee the jocund shepherds wait,
O Singer of Persephone !
Dost thou remember Sicily

OSCAR WILDE

THE REJECTED LOVER

ON Innisfallen's fairy isle,
Amid the blooming bushes,
We leant upon the lover's stile,
And listened to the thrushes ;
When first I sighed to see her smile,
And smiled to see her blushes.

Her hair was bright as beaten gold,
And soft as spider's spinning ;
Her cheek out-bloomed the apple old
That set our parents sinning ;
And in her eyes you might behold
My joys and griefs beginning.

In Innisfallen's fairy grove
I hushed my happy wooing,
To listen to the brooding dove
Amid the branches cooing ;
But oh ! how short those hours of love !
How long their bitter ruing !

Poor cushat ! Thy complaining breast
With woe like mine is heaving ;
With thee I mourn a fruitless quest—
For ah ! with art deceiving,
The cuckoo-bird has robbed my nest,
And left me wildly grieving.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

A D A N I M A M

(INFELIX LOQ.)

WEARY not, Soul, because the world is shaken
With frets and fevers, and bemoans its ills,
Because with each new sun the people waken
Only to feed their still unsated wills.

Because the slave sits high in Fortune's favour,
And still the fool is dandled at her breast,
Because the lord of life, Love, cannot save her
From all the Furies that invade her rest.

Weary not, Soul, because the wisest sages
Mingle no weeping with their last farewells,
For that they bear across earth's vanish'd ages
A sadder music than of funeral bells.

I will not in the weakling's tones that flatter,
Whisper to thee, O Soul, a lover's tales,
That the four winds of Heaven blow to scatter
For thee the perfumes of Elysian vales.

That sun and moon keep their unwearied courses
Only to find thee guidance on thy ways,
That the seas roll, and earth deploys her forces
To give thee pleasance, and make sweet thy days.

Nor when the thunder wakes and the skies darken
 Shall I unveil thee any sheltered shrine,
 Nor to the tempest's voices bid thee hearken
 To catch the safe assurance of a sign.

Earth is no garden in a Summer season,
 Nor is the care of roses thine employ ;
 Thou art the slave of no self-flattering reason
 To twine thee wreaths of an infatuate joy.

Set store, O Soul, by that thou hast unborrow'd,
 Strength, that time's wheels can neither break nor
 bring,
 Here in the space where thou hast joyed and sorrow'd
 To lift an indefatigable wing.

Put forth thy bark, though lone and unbefriended,
 All winds that blow will spread thy resolute sails ;
 No skill but thine can steer thee where are ended
 The shifting surges and the roaring gales.

Better than calm the storm to speed and friend thee,
 Flight on swift seas that greet thee with their foam ;
 Stars that but smile in calm, in storm will lend thee
 Heart to endure and light to lead thee home.

W. MACNEILE DIXON.

OASIS

LET them go by—the heats, the doubts, the strife ;
I can sit here and care not for them now,
Dreaming beside the glimmering wave of life
Once more,—I know not how.

There is a murmur in my heart, I hear
Faint, O so faint, some air I used to sing ;
It stirs my sense ; and odours dim and dear
The meadow-breezes bring.

Just this way did the quiet twilights fade
Over the fields and happy homes of men,
While one bird sang as now, piercing the shade,
Long since,—I know not when.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

AD AMICAM MEAM

(FROM THE FRENCH)

SUPPOSE I were a king dear, I'd give up wealth untold—
Jewell'd sceptre, kneeling subjects, ships of war, and
ivory cars,
And my baths of polish'd porph'ry, and my crown of
burnish'd gold—
All my kingdom for a gift that no royal treasure buys,
For one glance, little love, from your eyes !

And suppose I were a God, dear, I'd give up earth's
broad plains,
And her oceans, and the sun and all my pretty little
stars,
And all my singing angels, and the devils bound in
chains—
Vast chaos down below, and bright heaven itself above,
For one kiss from your lips, little love !

WILLIAM WILDE.

SONG

A BRIGHTENED Sorrow veils her face,
Sweet thoughts with thoughts forlorn,
And playful sadness, like the grace
Of an Autumnal morn,
When birds new-waked, like sprightly elves,
The languid echoes rouse,
And infant Zephyrs make themselves
Familiar with old boughs.

All round our hearts the Maiden's hair
Its own soft shade doth fling :
Her sigh perfumes the forest air,
Like eve—but eve in Spring ;
When Spring precipitates her flow ;
And Summer, swift to greet her,
Breathes, every night, a warmer glow
Half through the dusk to meet her.

AUBREY DE VERE.

A GREEK EPITAPH

JAC. ANTH. APPENDIX EPIGRAMMATUM, 280

ONCE I was not ; I became ;
Was ; and now no longer am.
There is nothing—all is o'er,
Dead is dead for evermore.
Whoso prateth otherwise,
Heed him not,—'tis lies, lies, lies.

T. W. ROLLESTON.

TO —

'Twas not alone thy beauty's power
That made thee dear to me :
The quiet of the sunset hour
Most truly mirrored thee.

'Twas thine to shed a soothing balm
On doubt and grief and strife,
And make a bright and holy calm
The atmosphere of life.

Thy touch of sympathy could find
To frozen hearts the key ;
The darkened and the arid mind
Gave light and fruit for thee.

Ah ! many a flower unnoticed springs
On life's most trodden ways,
And common lives and common things
Grew nobler in thy praise.

W. E. H. LECKY.

STAR OF MY SIGHT

(FROM THE IRISH)

STAR of my sight, you gentle Breedyeen,
Often at night I am sick and grieving ;
I am ill, I know it, and no deceiving,
And grief on the wind blows no relieving.

O wind, if passing by that far boreen,
Blow my blessing unto my storeen ;
Were I on the spot I should hear her calling,
But I am not, and my tears are falling.

Into the post I put a letter
Telling my love that I was no better ;
Small the loss, was her answer to me,
A lover's mind should be always gloomy.

Wind, greet that mountain where she I prize is
When the gold moon sets and the white sun rises ;
A grey fog hangs over curséd Dublin,
It fills my lungs and my heart it's troubling.

Ochone for the Death, when the breath is going !
I thought to bribe it with bumpers flowing ;
I'd give what men see from yonder steeple
To be in Loughrea and amongst my people.

Och, the long high-roads I shall never travel !
Worn my brogues are, with stones and gravel ;
Though I went to mass, there was no devotion
But to see her pass with her swan-like motion.

Farewell Loughrea, and a long farewell to you ;
Many's the pleasant day I spent in you,
Drinking with friends, and my love beside me,
I little dreamt then of what should betide me.

DOUGLAS HYDE.

VERA SINGING

IN the grey old German city
We gathered, a laughing throng,
Till you stood by the grand piano
And hushed us all with a song.

Hushed and still I listened,
And hushed was the crowded room,
While the passionate words of Heine
Were filling the air with gloom.

Hushed and still I listened,
While life and the world went by.
And I was the drowning sailor,
And you were the Lorelei.

And there was a young life ended,
And there was a life begun :
You made me older and sadder
Than hundreds of years had done.

I read, for once and for ever,
The dumb Earth's meaning plain,
In your eyes of her morning-gladness,
Your voice of her endless pain.

T. W. ROLLESTON.

THE DOLE OF THE KING'S DAUGHTER

SEVEN stars in the still water,
And seven in the sky ;
Seven sins on the King's daughter,
Deep in her soul to lie.

Red roses are at her feet,
(Roses are red in her rose-gold hair)
And O where her bosom and girdle meet
Red roses are hidden there.

Fair is the knight who lieth slain
Amid the rush and reed,
See the lean fishes that are fain
Upon dead men to feed.

Sweet is the page that lieth there,
(Cloth of gold is goodly prey,)
See the black ravens in the air,
Black, O black as the night are they.

What do they there so stark and dead ?
(There is blood upon her hand)
Why are the lilies flecked with red ?
(There is blood on the river sand.)

There are two that ride from the south and east,
And two from the north and west,
For the black raven a goodly feast,
For the King's daughter rest.

There is one man who loves her true,
(Red, O red, is the stain of gore !)
He hath duggen a grave by the darksome yew,
(One grave will do for four.)

No moon in the still heaven,
In the black water none,
The sins on her soul are seven,
The sin upon his is one.

OSCAR WILDE.

ZOE, AN ATHENIAN CHILD

I

BLUE eyes, but of so dark a blue
That sadder souls than mine
Find nought but night beneath their dew,
Such locks as Proserpine
Around her shadowy forehead wears,
Made smoother by Elysian airs,
And lips whose song spontaneous swells
Like airs from Ocean's moonlit shells—
These, lovely child! are thine;
And that forlorn yet radiant grace
That best becomes thy name and race!

II

A forehead orb'd into the light;
Pure temples marbled round
By feathery veins that streak the white,
More white thus dimly wound,
And taper fingers, hands self-folded,
Like shapes of alabaster moulded,
And cheek whose blushes are as those
Aurora cools on Pindan snows
Ere night is yet discrowned—
Not brighter, clad in Fancy's hues,
Or seen in dream—an Infant Muse!

O fetch her from yon Naxian glade
One chaplet of the Bacchic vine
Or glimmering ivy-wreath yet sprayed
With dews that taste like wine !
She loves to pace the wild sea shore—
O drop her wandering fingers o'er
The bosom of some chorded shell ;
Her touch will make it speak as well
As infant Hermes made
That tortoise, in its own despite
Thenceforth in Heaven a shape star-bright !

AUBREY DE VERE.

EILEEN'S FAREWELL

(TO AN IRISH AIR)

I

RING out my knell,
Ye walls and towers of Neil Dhuv !
Farewell, oh, farewell
Evermore to the fields that I love !
For the world, the world is dreary,
Let me lie with my baby alone :
The heart that is weary
Rests only under the stone.

II

Think on my doom,
And weep for pity, Neil Dhuv !
On the slab of my tomb
No name be graven but *Love*.
With the winds, in places lonely,
My name of sorrow shall dwell,
And I sigh to them only
To waft thee Eileen's farewell.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

R

COMING !

HERE where a sea of iris sweeps,
In tremulous circles swelling,
Rippled with joy,—as from its deeps
A fount of light were welling,—
Now from thy home i' the setting sun,
Clothed in his glow, sweet rover,
Come ere the day's glad vision's gone,
And bless thy faithful lover !

The changeless calm ascetic heights
Are crowned with tender haloes,
The bold rocks burn with amber lights
Above the lapping shallows :
The olive takes a happier hue
Under the pine-shield's cover ;
And cloud-boats moored in waveless blue
Lie waiting, with thy lover !

Ah, what avail if the purple hill
The faun or nymph are haunting,
That great souls tread the wild shore still
If you should yet be wanting !

The Graces dwelling in flower and tree
 For love's eyes to discover,
 Full of their smiling mystery,
 Are waiting, with thy lover.

Come, O my own, my only dear !
 Yet haply if I meet you,
 Love on my cold lips, white as fear,
 May lack true words to greet you. . . .
 You come ! Oh, see yon brood of doves
 Over you wheel and hover—
 Clasp them and think, "those simple loves
 Fly from his heart, my lover !"

GEORGE NOBLE PLUNKETT.

ROSES

WHEN the bud of the year uncloses,
And the breath of the summer is sweet,
I gathered a bouquet of roses
To lay at my Lady's feet.

I plucked them in sunniest hours,
The best and the sweetest that grew,
And I gave her my heart with the flowers,
And wondered that nobody knew.

On her lips there was never a quiver,
Nor a word, nor a smile for me ;
And the roses she flung on the river
That sweeps to the desolate sea.

In her bower there are many posies,
And flowers more rare not a few ;
But my heart I have lost with the roses,
And I know not what I shall do.

G. A. GREENE.

THE SINGER

“THAT was the thrush’s last good night ” I thought,
And heard the soft descent of summer rain
In the droop’d garden leaves ; but hush ! again
The perfect iterance,—freer than unsought
Odours of violets dim in woodland ways,
Deeper than coiléd waters laid a-dream
Below moss’d ledges of a shadowy stream,
And faultless as blown roses in June days.
Full-throated singer ! art thou thus anew
Voiceful to hear how round thyself alone
The enrichéd silence drops for thy delight
More soft than snow, more sweet than honey-dew ?
Now cease ; the last faint western streak is gone,
Stir not the blissful quiet of the night.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

AVIS

(FROM THE FRENCH)

IN spite of this veil's deep flow
 Beware of eyes, my sweet ;
Beware of the tell-tale snow
 And your Andalusian feet.

For this dainty dainty foot
 It's print in the snows will frame,
And sign on the carpet mute
 At every step of your name.

And so Jealousy, lame and old,
 Will come on the hidden nest ;
As, her cheek yet rosy with cold,
 Psyche falls on Cupid's breast.

GEORGE WILKINS.

SONG

Love laid down his golden head
On his mother's knee ;
" The world runs round so fast," he said,
" None has time for me."

Thought, a sage unhonoured, turned
From the on-rushing crew ;
Song her starry legend spurned ;
Art her glass down threw.

Roll on, blind world, upon thy track
Until thy wheels catch fire !
For that is gone which comes not back
To seller nor to buyer !

AUBREY DE VERE.

SALOME

(FOR A PICTURE)

THE sight of me was as a devouring flame
 Burning their hearts with fire, so wantonly
 That night I danced for all his men to see !
Fearless and reckless ; for all maiden shame
Strange passion-poisons throbbing overcame
 As every eye was riveted on me,
 And every soul was mine, mine utterly,—
And thrice each throat cried out aloud my name !

“ Ask what thou wilt,” black-bearded Herod said.
God wot a weird thing do I crave for prize :
“ Give me, I pray thee, presently the head
Of John the Baptist.” ’Twixt my hand it lies.
“ Ah mother ! see ! the lips, the half-closed eyes—
Dost think he hates us still now he is dead ? ”

WILLIAM WILDE.

SORTES

I—AS a girl who stoops to blow
The dandelion's globe of snow,
And as the fateful arrows go,
Divines the chances of her lot :
He loves me ! loves me not !—

So, with such eager eyes I trace
My lady's thoughts and feelings chase
Each other fast across her face ;
The sheen of hope with fears is shot :
She loves me ! loves me not !

EDWARD GWYNN.

SONG

GIVE me back my heart, fair child ;
To you as yet 'twere worth but little !
Half beguiler, half beguiled,
Be you warned : your own is brittle.

“ Hid it ! dropt it on the moors !
“ Lost it, and you cannot find it ”—
My own heart I want, not yours :
You have bound, and must unbind it.

Fling it from you : Youth is strong :
Love is trouble ; love is folly :
Love, that makes an old heart young,
Makes a young heart melancholy.

AUBREY DE VERE.

LOVE'S SPITE

You take a town you cannot keep ;
And, forced in time to fly,
O'er ruins you have made shall leap
Your deadliest enemy !
Her love is yours—and be it so—
But can you keep it ? No, no, no !

Upon her brow we gazed with awe ;
And loved, and wished to love, in vain ;
But when the snow begins to thaw
We shun with scorn the miry plain.
Women with grace may yield : but she
Appeared some Virgin Deity.

Bright was her soul as Dian's crest
Whitening on Vesta's fane its sheen :
Cold looked she as the waveless breast
Of some stone Dian at thirteen.
Men loved : but hope they deemed to be
A sweet Impossibility !

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE BATTLE OF THE ASSES BRIDGE

TRIANGLE Equilateral,
By Algebra he swore
That his good friend Isosceles
Should suffer wrong no more.
By Algebra he swore it,
And named a fighting day,
And bade his Angles hurry forth
East and West and South and North
To summon to the fray.

East and West and South and North
The Angles hurry forth,
And Problem old and Theorem
Have heard the trumpet blast.
Shame on the point that has no parts,
The Circle that would quake,
When Equilateral has sworn
The Asses Bridge to take.

* * * *

And now they are assembled,
The tale of fighting men,
The Decimals in hundreds are,
The Units one to ten,

Equations all quadratical
 Drawn up in long array.
 Oh, proud was Equilateral
 Upon the fighting day.

But on the Bridge of Asses
 Was tumult and affright,
 For all the lines below the base
 Were stricken with affright.
 They held a council standing
 Upon the narrow ridge,
 Hard lines I wis, in times like this,
 'Twould take to save the Bridge.

Then outspake gallant Alpha,
 On the Apex full in view,
 "A Dog, they say, shall have his day,
 A Bridge must have it, too,
 And how can man die better
 When things come to this pass,
 Than fighting as first letter
 In the sacred name of *Ass*?

Know then, false Equilateral,
 No Bridge thou'lt take to-day;
 I, with two more to help me,
 Will keep ye all at Bay.
 In these five lines a thousand
 May well be stopped by three,
 Now who will stand, on either hand,
 And keep the Bridge with me?"

Then out spake gallant Beta,
 Of Grecian blood was he :
 "Lo ! I will stand on thy right hand,
 And keep the Bridge with thee."
 And spake a stout Centurion—
 A Roman, surnamed C—
 "I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the Bridge with thee."

The three stood calm and silent
 And watched the foeman's line,
 As from the right, stepped out to fight,
 Theta's well-known Co-sine.
 And Vector the Quaternion—
 Vector whose fourfold power
 Had puzzled many a weary head,
 And kept it aching out of bed
 Long past the midnight hour.

C went at once for Vector,
 And with a deadly blow
 Of his good blade he quickly laid
 The great Quaternion low.
 For in that hour, had Vector's power
 Been risen to the tenth,
 Little cared C, I ween, for he
 Had smote him to the Nth.

Next Beta marked how Theta
 Advanced against his line,
 So, with his trusty tangent, he
 Bisected the Co-sine.

"Lie there," he cried, "fell tyrant.
 No longer shalt thou mark
 How Girton's gold-haired graduates sigh
 With vain endeavours to descry
 The variable length of π
 In thine accursed Arc."

Then x on his Equation
 Advanced, and all were mute;
 For in his hand he waved his brand,
 A knotty old Cube root.
 Thrice round his head he waved it,
 And then the weapon sprung
 Like bolt from bow—a mighty blow
 On Alpha's crest it rung.

He reeled, and first on Beta
 Leaned for a breathing space,
 Then dashed his Co-efficient
 In the Equation's face.
 And loud he cried, "No more thy pride
 My inmost soul shall vex,"
 Then with a stroke, 'twould cleave an oak,
 Eliminated x .

* * * *

They gave him out of Euclid
 Ten cuts so erudite,
 Not thrice ten Senior Wranglers
 Could solve 'twixt morn and night,

They gave a square, it still is there,
And every dunce derides
With thrice the double ratio
Of its homologous sides.

And in the square they raised him,
A vast Triangle high !
His name is on the Apex
To witness if I lie,
And underneath is written,
In letters all of brass,
How well brave Alpha held the Bridge
That's sacred to the *Ass*.

J. M. LOWRY.

THE RETURN

AND yet, tho' sweet the sunburnt South
When daylight ebbs o'er west and east,
The North shall not obtain the least
Of praises from my mouth ;

For now returned from golden lands
I see Night lift her misty shroud,
And through the veil of morning-cloud
The sun strikes northern sands ;

I hail with joy the early ray
That gleams o'er valleys thrice more dear ;
My pulse beats quicker as I hear
Up from Killiney Bay

The whisper of familiar rills,
And sudden tremors veil mine eyes
As, at a turn, before me rise,
Long-sought, the Wicklow Hills.

G. A. GREENE.

GREYSTONES ROCKS

EVEN as these surges landward from the sea
Do roll and swell and heave in vague emotion,
Then crash upon the coast in ecstasy
The waters they have borne from far-off ocean :—
So restless heave the depths of souls sublime
With thoughts that came to them from realms eternal,
Till they burst, startling, on the coasts of time
In passionate voices as of gods supernal.

And we who watch, as from a safe seashore,
Could only, self-abash'd, look on in wonder
On things beyond our scope for evermore,
As men of eld might hear Olympian thunder,
But that the yearning of the heart within
Doth prove we, too, are of their God-like kin.

FRED^K. R. FALKINER.

THE CUCKOO

WAITED and longed-for voice! which stirs the heart
With dreams of sunny days and summer joys,
First heard when vernal woods are waving green,
And blue-bells' mimic skies beneath the shade
Are starred with primrose. Sound more welcome far
Than all the thin-piped warblings of the grove,
The full-voiced cuckoo's sweet monotony,
Note under note repeated o'er and o'er
With child-like glee as at a trick new found.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! as blithe in these grey days
As in those joyous springs long since flown by,
When all the world seemed big with nameless good,
And hearts beat quick for deeds of high emprise
And unknown wonders coming with the years.
'Tis April in our eyes when thou art heard—
Half smiles, half tears,—half rapture, half despair!
The years are gone, the wonders still to seek,
And little won of all we hoped to win.
Good unattained and poor results of time
Courting our vain pursuit have mocked it still,
As thou hast mocked, retreating field by field;
Like rainbow-ends which touch the common earth
With gleams of Heaven, but never meet our grasp.

So seldom true has thy sweet promise proved ;
If flies afar, ere Autumn's chills fall drear,
To wake its charm where youth and sunshine dwell,
Impatient as thyself of adverse skies.
Fain would we dream that thou wilt roam no more,
But make thy stay perennial near our homes,
Thy spring-tide cadence constant to our woods,
Nor spread thy vagrant wing for brighter shores.
Chant on, dear bird, thy well-remembered lay,
And cheat our willing hearts now once again,
With hopes of fairer flowers and sweeter fruits
Than ever yet were ours in summers past.

A. SMYTHE PALMER.

NOTES

NOTE 1, page 16.—John O'Mahony was a prominent Fenian leader in the rising of '67, and died in New York after its failure.

NOTE 2, page 47.—This sonnet was called forth by Archbishop Trench's sonnet on the death of Sir George Colley at the battle of Majuba Hill, February 27, 1881.

IN MEMORIAM

GENTLE and brave, well skilled in that dread lore
Which mightiest nations dare not to unlearn;
Fair lot for thee had leaped from Fortune's urn,
Just guerdon of long toil; and more and more
We counted for her favourite was in store.
Nor failed prophetic fancy to descry
Wreaths of high praise and crowns of victory
Which in our thought thy brows already wore.

But He who portions out our good or ill
Willed an austere glory should be thine,
And nearer to the Cross than to the crown.
Then lay, ye mourners, there your burden down,
And hear calm voices from the inner shrine
Which whisper "Peace!" and say "Be still, be still!"

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.



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